Ro. And badſt me bury loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.

Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy loue did read by rote, that could no ſpell:
But come yong Wauerer, come and goe with me,
In one reſpect Ile thy aſſiſtant be:
For this Alliance may ſo happie proue,
To turne your houſholds rancor to pure loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Deu'le ſhould this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that *Roſaline* Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the Kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a Letter to his fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwere it.

Mer. Any man that can write may anſwere a Letter.

Ben, Nay, he will anſwere the Letters Maſter, how he dares being dared.

Mer. Alas, poore *Romeo*, hee is alreadie dead, ſtab'd with a white Wenches blacke Eye, run through the eare with a Loue-Song, the very Pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde Bow-boyes But-ſhaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

Rom. Why, what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. O hee's the couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you ſing Prick-ſong, keepes time, diſtance and proportion, hee reſts his *minum* reſts, one two and the third in your boſome: the very Butcher of a ſilke

ſilke button, a dualiſt, a dualiſt, a Gen
houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah
the punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique li
cies, theſe new tuners of accent: by Ie
very tall man, a very good whore. Wh
ble thing grandſir, that wee ſhould be
ſtrange flies: theſe faſhion-mongers, th
ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that t
the old bench. O their bones, their bon

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed
how art thou fiſhified? now is he for the
ſlowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kit
had a better loue to berime her: *Dido*
Gipſie, *Helten* and *Hero*, hildings and
eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signi
a French ſaluation to your frenchſlop:
terfeit fairely laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both,
giue you?

Mer. the ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my b
in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine

Mer. Thats as much as to ſay, ſuc
ſtraines a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt curteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pincke of c

Romeo. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Romeo. Why then is my pump well fl

Mer. Sure wit, follow mee this ie
worne out thy pump, that when the ſin

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